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Spirit of the Annuals for 1836.



THE PANTHER SCENE.
(From Cooper's Novel—"the Pioneers.")

FROM THE TOKEN AND ATLANTIC SOUVENIR.

SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS FOR 1836.

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir.*

[THIS Annual has been published in Boston since the year 1828, so that the present is the ninth volume. The literary department has uniformly been sustained by American writers; and, in the embellishments, nothing has been borrowed from European artists, save designs for some of the engravings. This year, however, the proprietor has introduced no other engravings than those from original paintings or drawings by American artists: the present volume is, therefore, wholly an American production. "It is the first Annual, and the only highly embellished book, issued from the American press, which could claim entire independence of foreign aid." The publisher was beset with difficulties in carrying out this plan; but, his purpose was a noble one—the advancement of national character. In his Preface, he says: "We have, in the present volume, used our best endeavours, yet, as it must come into comparison with those of England, where selections may be made, alike from the numerous productions of living artists, and the exhaustless treasures of the past, accumulated in the halls, castles, palaces, and galleries, throughout Europe, it might be wise to bespeak some favour in behalf of our work, on the ground of its American character." This it doubtless will receive; though, in bespeaking such consideration, we hope the actual merits of the work will not be underrated. The best of the illustrations, in design and execution, is the original of the Engraving on the previous page; the painter is George L. Brown.

The literature needs less apologetical introduction. The contributors are, Misses Sedgwick and Leslie, Messrs. Percival, Thatcher, Woodbridge, Paulding, and Neal, names already familiar on this side of the Atlantic. The papers consist of tales and poetry, the former of average equality with the staple of our Annual literature. The editor is Mr. S. G. Goodrich, the "Peter Parley" of American *juvenilia*; who thus introduces the subject of our Engraving:—]

THE PANTHER SCENE,

From the Pioneers.

THE panther, now so rare in the settled parts of our country, was formerly very common, even in New England. It appears to be an inhabitant of both divisions of the continent. In South America it was called the American Lion, and here was usually denominated *Painter*, a corruption of Panther. Its proper title is the Cougar, under

* Boston: Published by Charles Bowen. In London, by R. J. Kennet, Importer of American Books, York-street, Covent Garden.

which name it figures in the show bills of the menageries. It is the fiercest of the cat tribe in North America, and is the hero of many an ancient tale of the hills, under the designation of Catamount. Even in the low-land villages of New England, his cries were often heard at night from some hoary forest, not fifty years ago, and those who are willing to listen to the legends of their grandmothers, can hear many a grisley story of his adventures, authenticated by the testimony of their own eyes and ears. Such tales we might tell, but as the artists have chosen to embellish our pages with an illustration of Mr. Cooper's Panther Story, in the *Pioneers*, we think it better to give that story, instead of our own. It is probable our readers have all read it; but it is so full of interest, and displays so well the manners and habits of the animal, that whether our pages are designed to please or instruct, we cannot do better than wile our friends into another perusal of it.

It will be recollected that Elizabeth and Louisa were rambling among the mountains, in the vicinity of which the chief scenes of the novel are laid. The story thus goes on:

"In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed—

"Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

"Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer, starving on the hill."

"Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once, the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and pointing behind them, cried—

"Look at the dog!"

"Brave had been their companion, from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel, to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head

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bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either though fright or anger. It was most probably the latter, for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

"'Brave!' she said, 'be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?'"

"At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking.

"'What does he see?' said Elizabeth; 'there must be some animal in sight.'

"Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the colour of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction.

"'Let us fly!' exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth.

"There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple, that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

"'Courage, Brave,' she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble, 'courage, courage, good Brave.'

"A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature, approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play all the antics of a cat for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger, that rendered its parent so terrific.

"All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes

following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast over-leaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly, as to render it completely senseless.

"Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe, at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe, like a feather, and rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended, and a dauntless eye. But age and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage, he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever, raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate, but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favourable position on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment, only, could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the colour of blood, and directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild-cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog, followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave.

"Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy

of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker, that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting for inches from its broad feet.

"Miss Temple did not, or could not move. Her hands were clapsed in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs, than to meet her ears.

"*'Hist! hist!'* said a low voice; *'stoop lower, gall, your bunnet hides the creature's head.'*

"It was rather a yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leather-stocking rushed by her, and he called aloud—

"*'Come in, Hector, come in, you old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in.'*

"Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens, most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge."

[Next is a tale, passing strange, by the author of "Sights from a Steeple."]

THE WEDDING KNEEL.

THERE is a certain church in the city of New York, which I have always regarded with peculiar interest, on account of a marriage there solemnized, under very singular circumstances, in my grandmother's girlhood. That venerable lady chanced to be a spectator of the scene, and ever after made it her favourite narrative.

The marriage might be considered as the

result of an early engagement, though there had been two intermediate weddings on the lady's part, and forty years of celibacy on that of the gentleman. At sixty-five, Mr. Ellenwood was a shy, but not quite a secluded man; selfish, like all men who brood over their own hearts, yet manifesting, on rare occasions, a vein of generous sentiment; a scholar, throughout life, though always an indolent one, because his studies had no definite object, either of public advantage or personal ambition; a gentleman, high-bred and fastidiously delicate, yet sometimes requiring a considerable relaxation, in his behalf, of the common rules of society. In truth there were so many anomalies in his character, and, though shrinking with diseased sensibility from public notice, it had been his fatality so often to become the topic of the day, by some wild eccentricity of conduct, that people searched his lineage for an hereditary taint of insanity. But there was no need of this. His caprices had their origin in a mind that lacked the support of an engrossing purpose, and in feelings that preyed upon themselves, for want of other food. If he were mad, it was the consequence, and not the cause, of an aimless and abortive life.

The widow was as complete a contrast to her third bridegroom, in every thing but age, as can well be conceived. Compelled to relinquish her first engagement, she had been united to a man of twice her own years, to whom she became an exemplary wife, and by whose death she was left in possession of a splendid fortune. A southern gentleman considerably younger than herself, succeeded to her hand, and carried her to Charleston, where, after many uncomfortable years, she found herself again a widow. It would have been singular, if any uncommon delicacy of feeling had survived through such a life as Mrs. Dabney's.

Sage in most matters, the widow was perhaps the more amiable, for the one frailty that made her ridiculous. Being childless, she could not remain beautiful by proxy, in the person of a daughter; she therefore refused to grow old and ugly, on any consideration; she struggled with time, and held fast her roses in spite of him, till the venerable thief appeared to have relinquished the spoil, as not worth the trouble of acquiring it.

The approaching marriage of this woman of the world, with such an unworldly man as Mr. Ellenwood, was announced soon after Mrs. Dabney's return to her native city. Superficial observers, and deeper ones, seemed to concur, in supposing that the lady must have borne no inactive part, in arranging the affair.

But while people talked, the wedding day arrived. The ceremony was to be solemnized according to the Episcopal forms

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and in open church, with a degree of publicity that attracted many spectators, who occupied the front seats of the galleries, and the pews near the altar and along the broad aisle. It had been arranged, or possibly it was the custom of the day, that the parties should proceed separately to church. By some accident, the bridegroom was a little less punctual than the widow and her bridal attendants; with whose arrival, after this tedious, but necessary preface, the action of our tale may be said to commence.

The clumsy wheels of several old fashioned coaches were heard, and the gentlemen and ladies, composing the bridal party, came through the church door, with the sudden and gladsome effect of a burst of sunshine. The whole group, except the principal figure, was made up of youth and gaiety. As they streamed up the broad aisle, while the pews and pillars seemed to brighten on either side, their steps were as buoyant as if they mistook the church for a ball-room, and were ready to dance hand in hand to the altar. So brilliant was the spectacle, that few took notice of a singular phenomenon that had marked its entrance. At the moment when the bride's foot touched the threshold, the bell swung heavily in the tower above her, and sent forth its deepest knell. The vibrations died away and returned with prolonged solemnity, as she entered the body of the church.

"Good heavens! what an omen," whispered a young lady to her lover.

"On my honour," replied the gentleman, "I believe the bell has the good taste to toll of its own accord. What has she to do with weddings? If you, dearest Julia, were approaching the altar, the bell would ring out its merriest peal. It has only a funeral knell for her."

The bride, and most of her company, had been too much occupied with the bustle of entrance, to hear the first boding stroke of the bell, or at least to reflect on the singularity of such a welcome to the altar. They therefore continued to advance, with undiminished gaiety. The gorgeous dresses of the time, the crimson velvet coats, the gold-laced hats, the hoop-petticoats, the silk, satin, brocade and embroidery, the buckles, canes and swords, all displayed to the best advantage on persons suited to such finery, made the group appear more like a bright coloured picture, than any thing real. But by what perversity of taste, had the artist represented his principal figure as so wrinkled and decayed, while yet he had decked her out in the brightest splendour of attire, as if the loveliest maiden had suddenly withered into age, and become a moral to the beautiful around her! On they went, however, and had glittered along about a third of the aisle, when another stroke of the bell seemed to fill the church with a

visible gloom, dimming and obscuring the bright pageant, till it shone forth again as from a mist.

This time the party wavered, stopt, and huddled closer together, while a slight scream was heard from some of the ladies, and a confused whispering among the gentlemen. Thus tossing to and fro, they might have been fancifully compared to a splendid bunch of flowers, suddenly shaken by a puff of wind, which threatened to scatter the leaves of an old, brown, withered rose, on the same stalk with two dewy buds; such being the emblem of the widow between her fair young bridesmaids. But her heroism was admirable. She had started with an irrepressible shudder, as if the stroke of the bell had fallen directly on her heart; then, recovering herself, while her attendants were yet in dismay, she took the lead, and paced calmly up the aisle. The bell continued to swing, strike, and vibrate, with the same doleful regularity, as when a corpse is on its way to the tomb.

"My young friends here have their nerves a little shaken," said the widow, with a smile, to the clergyman at the altar. "But so many weddings have been ushered in with the merriest peal of the bells, and yet turned out unhappily, that I shall hope for better fortune under such different auspices."

"Madam," answered the rector, in great perplexity, "this strange occurrence brings to my mind a marriage sermon of the famous Bishop Taylor, wherein he mingles so many thoughts of mortality and future woe, that, to speak somewhat after his own rich style, he seems to hang the bridal chamber in black, and cut the wedding garment out of a coffin pall. And it has been the custom of diverse nations to infuse something of sadness into their marriage ceremonies; so to keep death in mind, while contracting that engagement which is life's chiefest business. Thus we may draw a sad but profitable moral from this funeral knell."

But, though the clergyman might have given his moral even a keener point, he did not fail to despatch an attendant to inquire into the mystery, and stop those sounds, so dismally appropriate to such a marriage. A brief space elapsed, during which the silence was broken only by whispers, and a few suppressed titterings, among the wedding party and the spectators, who, after the first shock, were disposed to draw an ill-natured merriment from the affair. The young have less charity for aged follies, than the old for those of youth. The widow's glance was observed to wander, for an instant, towards a window of the church, as if searching for the time-worn marble that she had dedicated to her first husband; then her eyelids dropt over their faded orbs, and her thoughts were drawn irresistibly to another grave. Two buried men, with a

voice at her ear and a cry afar off, were calling her to lie down beside them. Perhaps, with momentary truth of feeling, she thought how much happier had been her fate, if after years of bliss, the bell were now tolling for her funeral, and she were followed to the grave by the old affection of her earliest lover, long her husband. But why had she returned to him, when their cold hearts shrank from each other's embrace?

Still the death-bell tolled so mournfully, that the sunshine seemed to fade in the air. A whisper, communicated from those who stood nearest the windows, now spread through the church; a hearse, with a train of several coaches, were creeping along the street, conveying some dead man to the churchyard, while the bride awaited a living one at the altar. Immediately after, the footsteps of the bridegroom and his friends were heard at the door. The widow looked down the aisle, and clenched the arm of one of her bridesmaids in her bony hand, with such unconscious violence, that the fair girl trembled.

"You frighten me, my dear madam!" cried she. "For heaven's sake, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, my dear, nothing," said the widow; then, whispering close to her ear, "There is a foolish fancy, that I cannot get rid of. I am expecting my bridegroom to come into the church, with my two first husbands for groomsmen!"

"Look, look, screamed the bridesmaid. "What is here? The funeral!"

As she spoke, a dark procession paced into the church. First came an old man and woman, like chief mourners at a funeral, attired from head to foot in the deepest black, all but their pale features and hoary hair; he leaning on a staff, and supporting her decrepit form with his nerveless arm. Behind, appeared another, and another pair, as aged, as black, and mournful as the first. As they drew near, the widow recognised in every face some trait of former friends, long forgotten, but now returning, as if from their old graves, to warn her to prepare a shroud, or, with purpose almost as unwelcome, to exhibit their wrinkles and infirmity, and claim her as their companion by the tokens of her own decay. Many a merry night had she danced with them, in youth. And now, in joyless age, she felt that some withered partner should request her hand, and all unite in a dance of death, to the music of the funeral bell.

While these aged mourners were passing up the aisle, it was observed, that, from pew to pew, the spectators shuddered with irrepressible awe, as some object, hitherto concealed by the intervening figures, came full in sight. Many turned away their faces; others kept a fixed and rigid stare; and a young girl giggled hysterically, and fainted

with the laughter on her lips. When the spectral procession approached the altar, each couple separated, and slowly diverged, till, in the centre, appeared a form, that had been worthily ushered in with all this gloomy pomp, the death-knell, and the funeral. It was the bridegroom in his shroud!

No garb but that of the grave could have befitted such a death-like aspect; the eyes, indeed, had the wild gleam of a sepulchral lamp; all else was fixed in the stern calmness which old men wear in the coffin. The corpse stood motionless, but addressed the widow in accents that seemed to melt into the clang of the bell, which fell heavily on the air while he spoke.

"Come, my bride!" said those pale lips, "The hearse is ready. The sexton stands waiting for us at the door of the tomb. Let us be married; and then to our coffins!"

How shall the widows horror be represented! It gave her the ghastliness of a dead man's bride. Her youthful friends stood apart, shuddering at the mourners, the shrouded bridegroom, and herself; the whole scene expressed, by the strongest imagery, the vain struggle of the gilded vanities of this world, when opposed to age, infirmity, sorrow, and death. The awe-struck silence was first broken by the clergyman.

"Mr. Ellenwood," said he, soothingly, yet with somewhat of authority, "you are not well. Your mind has been agitated by the unusual circumstances in which you are placed. The ceremony must be deferred. As an old friend, let me entreat you to return home."

"Home! yes; but not without my bride," answered he, in the same hollow accents. "You deem this mockery; perhaps madness. Had I bedizened my aged and broken frame with scarlet and embroidery—had I forced my withered lips to smile at my dead heart—that might have been mockery, or madness. But now, let young and old declare, which of us has come hither without a wedding garment, the bridegroom, or the bride!"

He stepped forward at a ghostly pace, and stood beside the widow, contrasting the awful simplicity of his shroud with the glare and glitter in which she had arrayed herself for this unhappy scene. None, that beheld them, could deny the terrible strength of the moral which his disordered intellect had contrived to draw.

"Cruel! cruel!" groaned the heart-stricken bride.

"Cruel?" repeated he; then losing his death-like composure in a wild bitterness,—"Heaven judge, which of us has been cruel to the other! In youth, you deprived me of my happiness, my hopes, my aims; you took away all the substance of my life, and made it a dream, without reality enough

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even to grieve at—with only a pervading gloom, through which I walked wearily, and cared not whither. But after forty years, when I have built my tomb, and would not give up the thought of resting there—no, not for such a life as we once pictured—you call me to the altar. At your summons I am here. But other husbands have enjoyed your youth, your beauty, your warmth of heart, and all that could be termed your life. What is there for me but your decay and death? And therefore I have bidden these funeral friends, and bespoken the sexton's deepest knell, and am come, in my shroud, to wed you, as with a burial service, that we may join our hands at the door of the sepulchre, and enter it together."

It was not frenzy; it was not merely the drunkenness of strong emotion, in a heart unused to it, that now wrought upon the bride. The stern lesson of the day had done its work; her worldliness was gone. She seized the bridegroom's hand.

"Yes!" cried she, "Let us wed, even at the door of the sepulchre! My life is gone in vanity and emptiness. But at its close, there is one true feeling. It has made me what I was in youth; it makes me worthy of you. Time is no more for both of us. Let us wed for eternity!"

With a long and deep regard, the bridegroom looked into her eyes, while a tear was gathering in his own. How strange that gush of human feeling from the frozen bosom of a corpse! He wiped away the tear, even with his shroud.

"Beloved of my youth," said he, "I have been wild. The despair of my whole lifetime had returned at once, and maddened me. Forgive; and be forgiven. Yes; it is evening with us now, and we have realized none of our morning dreams of happiness. But let us join our hands before the altar, as lovers, whom adverse circumstances have separated through life, yet who meet again as they are leaving it, and find their earthly affection changed into something holy as religion. And what is time, to the married of eternity?"

Amid the tears of many, and a swell of exalted sentiment, in those who felt aright, was solemnized the union of two immortal souls. The train of withered mourners, the hoary bridegroom in his shroud, the pale features of the aged bride, and the death-bell tolling through the whole, till its deep voice overpowered the marriage words, all marked the funeral of earthly hopes. But as the ceremony proceeded, the organ, as if stirred by the sympathies of this impressive scene, poured forth an anthem, first mingling with the dismal knell, then rising to a loftier strain, till the soul looked down upon its woe. And when the awful rite was finished, and with cold hand in cold hand, the Married of Eternity withdrew, the organ's peal of

solemn triumph drowned the Wedding Knell.

The Amulet,

Edited by S. C. Hall,

[Is, as usual, an entertaining Miscellany of fact and fancy. Our prose quotation is—"our custom always in the"—Supplement—a tale of fixing interest, by Mrs. Hall:—]

THE DROWNED FISHERMAN.

IN the immediate neighbourhood of Duncannon Fort, along that portion of the coast which contracts into the Waterford river, there are a number of scattered cottages, standing either singly or in small clusters along a wild and picturesque sea-shore—more wild, perhaps, than beautiful, although the infinite number of creeks, and bays, and overhanging rocks, vary the prospect at every hundred yards; and I know nothing more delightful than to row during a long, summer evening, from the time when the sun abates his fierceness, until the moon has fairly risen upon the waters, nothing more delightful than to row—now in, now out, now under the hanging rocks, now close upon the silver-sanded bays, where thousands of many-coloured shells form the most beautiful Mosaic beneath the transparent waters.

"And what 'ud ail the boat but to do? Sure she's done, ay, and done a dale for us, this ten years; and as to the hole, Jemmy 'ill plug his hat into it, or stick in a piece of *sail-cloth*, and what 'ud ail her then, but sail,—God bless her!—like a swan or a curlew, as she always does?"

"Dermot—Dermot, darling! listen 'to me for onc't!"

"Faith!" replied Dermot to his better half, Kate Browne, while his keen, blue eye twinkled with that mixture of wit and humour so truly Irish, "Faith, my dear, I'll accommodate you in any way I can, for I'll listen to you onc't for three speakings—come, out with it, and don't stand twisting your face that was onc't so purty as to win the heart and hand of the handsomest man in the parish, and that is—myself, Dermot Browne at your service, Mistress Kate Browne, madam! Don't keep lengthening your face to the length of a herring-net, but out with it!—out with it!—at onc't!"

"Dermot, I've got the box of tools quite convanient; I brought it with me to the shore, and the last time I was in Waterford, I bought all sortings of nails, large and small; and there's plenty of *board* in the shed—and Dermot, mend the hole, and God bless you!—sure it's the sore heart I'd have when you'd be on the wather, to think that any harm would happen you—it won't take you any thing like an hour—"

"An hour! God bless the woman, why a

body would think you had never been a fisherman's wife! An hour would turn the tide—and the luck!—an hour! Why the herrings out yonder would miss my company if I waited; and all for what? To go to the trouble of nailing a bit o' board on a mite of a hole, when it will be just as easy to stop it with a hat!"

"But not as safe, Dermot!"

"Be easy with your safety! You're always touching on that;—ay; will it, and as safe too: hav'n't I done it before?—why, turn up every one of the boats along the shore, and I'll bet you the cod I mean to catch against a branyan that there isn't as sound a boat as my own on the sands; for he betted Harrison's go without a rudder?—doesn't Michan's go without a mast—barring a gag of a gate-post that he pulled out of Lavery's field? I'm sure Michael Murphy's craft is bang full of dowsy holes like a riddle: and a good noggin he won on that, for he betted Lanty Moore that at the present time the keel of his boat had more holes in it than Lanty's English sieve which he had for winnowing corn; and sure enough he won; for the holes in the sieve were all stopped up with the dirt! Lend a hand, old girl, and help me and the boy to shove her off!"—He continued appealing to his wife,—"What!—you won't? Why thin, Kate agra, what ails ye?—I've been your true and faithful husband next Candlemas will be seventeen years, and you never refused me a hand's turn before!"—Still Kate Browne moved not; and her husband, using with his eldest son, considerable exertion to push off the boat, became annoyed at her obstinacy.

Kate saw, but, contrary to her usual habit, heeded it not. She stood, with folded arms and tearful eyes, surveying the proceedings, without possessing the power of putting a stop to preparations, of the termination of which she had a fearful presentiment.

"Why, thin, look at your mother, Benje!" exclaimed Browne to his son, "sure, she's enough to set a man mad, and her's the help that's as good as five—she has such a knowledge of setting every thing straight.—"Kate!" he exclaimed to his wife:—

"Let her alone, father dear," interrupted the boy, "let her alone, and don't vex her more, *don't ye see there's a tear in her eye?*"

"And how can I help that?" expostulated the father, looking kindly towards his wife at the same time; "them women are ever so hard to manage, and manage as ye will, ye can't find 'em out; there's the sun shining above her head, the waters dancing and capering, like jewels, at her feet, the herrings crying, 'Come, catch me,' and Benje, between you and I, as handsome a husband, and as fine, ay, and for the matter of that, as good a boy as a woman's heart could wish, and yet the tears are in her eyes, and the

corners of her mouth drawn as far down as if she did nothing but sup sorrow all her life."—Benjamin the fisher's only child, made no reply; and, after a moment's pause, his father looked at him, and said, "Why, boy, you look as much cast down as your mother—stay on shore, and good luck to you!"

"No, father, that I won't! I'll not put more to the throuble she's in, by letting you go by yourself; I wish from my heart the boat was mended, if it would make her easy."

"Don't bother about the boat, boy," replied Browne, "I never meddle or make with her house, or land business; hasn't she got a back-door for the cabin?—a sty for the poor pig?—a *chaney* dish for the pratees, and a white table-cloth for saints' days and bonfire nights?—can't she stay at home and mind them, and let me and the cobbler alone?"—Benjamin loved the wild and careless spirit of his father better than the prudence and forethought of his mother; yet did he not forget that the very arrangements and luxuries to which his father alluded, were solely the effects of her care and industry.

"Won't you say, God speed me, Kate?" inquired the fisherman as he pushed off his dangerous craft with a broken oar, "Won't you say, God speed me and the boy?"—The woman clasped her hands suddenly and fervently together, and dropping on her knees without moving from the spot, on which she had been standing, uttered a few, earnest words of supplication for their safety. Benjamin sprang on the shingles, and raising his mother affectionately in his arms, whispered—

"Keep a good heart, we will back with such bouncing fish, before morning, any how; and mother, darling, if you see Statia Byrne, here is the neckerchief she promised to hem for me; tell her not to forget her promise."—The kisses Mrs. Browne bestowed on her son were mingled with tears. She watched the boat until it had dwindled to a small speck on the horizon. As she turned to ascend the cliff, she saw the round, laughing face of Statia Byrne peer from behind a rock, and withdraw itself instantly on being perceived. She called to her; and, after a little time, Statia came blushing, and smiling, and lingering by the way to pluck every sprig of samphire, every root of sea-pink, that grew within her reach.

"I just came down to gather a few bits of herbs for the granny's cures, and a few shells to keep the childre asy," said Statia—pulling her sea-pinks to pieces at the same time.

"And what does the granny cure with these?" inquired Mrs. Browne.

"Sorra a know I know," replied the girl, blushing still more deeply.

"Maybe," continued Mrs. Browne gravely, "maybe, Stacy honey, there's a charm in

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them like the yarrow you put under pillow last ~~Friday~~ Eve night."

"Ah! thin, Mistress Browne, ma'am, let me alone about the yarrow—sure it was only out of innocent mirth I did it, and no harm; and, any way, I've no belief in such things at all, at all."

"And why do you disbelieve them?" inquired the fisherman's wife. Statia made no reply.—"I can tell you," she continued; "because though you neither spoke nor laughed that blessed night, my poor girl, after you placed the yarrow under your pillow—still you did *not* dream of Benje Browne. Stacy, Stacy, I mind the time myself, when, if a spell worked contrary, I'd disbelieve it directly—it's only human natur, darling."

Statia Byrne flung her handful of sea-pinks upon the shingles, and passed the back of her hand across her eyes, for they were filled with tears.

"You have thrown away the granny's pinks," said Kate, pointing to the flowers that the sea-breeze was scattering far and wide.

"Ah, thin, let me alone, Mistress Browne dear!" exclaimed the girl.—"And good by, for the present, ma'am; I'm sure the child 'ill be woke before this, and mother is carding wool, so she'll want me now."

"Good by, Statia—but stop, child: Benje desired me to put you in mind that you promised to hem this handkerchief for him; and tell your mother, jewel, that if she'll let you come down to my cabin to-night, when the *grawls* are all in bed, I'll be for ever obliged to her; Browne and the boy are out to sea, and there's something over me that I don't care to be quite alone this blessed night: so come down a lannan,—and thin you can hem the neckerchief—before morning."

"I will, I will," said the maiden, with whom smiles had already taken the place of tears, for she loved Mrs. Browne's cottage almost better than her own; "I will, and I've learnt a new song; oh, I shall be so happy!" and she danced up the cliffs with all the light gaiety of fifteen.

The fisherman's wife set her house in order, and then commenced mending her husband's nets. It would have been evident to any observer, that her mind was ill at ease; for, instead of pursuing her occupation with her usual steadiness, she frequently suffered the hard meshes to drop from her bony fingers, and the wooden needle to lie idle on her lap. She would rise and peer from her small window, or more frequently still from the open door, into the heavens; but there was no cause for disquiet in their aspect—the moon was in her full, calm glory; and the stars, bright, glittering, and countless, waited round her throne as handmaids silently attending upon their mistress. She could see the re-

flection of the moonbeams on the far-away waters—but her ear, practised as it was, could hardly catch the murmur of the ocean, so profound was its repose: and yet Kate continued restless and feverish. Benjamin was her only surviving child—although five others had called her mother—and, indeed, while he was absent from her, she felt that undefined, but perfectly natural, dread which steals over a sensitive mind for the welfare of a beloved object, whenever the one is separated from the other.

It was a great relief to her spirits when she heard the light foot of Statia Byrne on her threshold, and she felt new-sprung hope within her heart when she looked into the bright eyes, and observed the full smile of the joyous girl.

"They're all a-bed, and the babby went off to sleep without an *hushaw*! and mother says, as you're all alone by yourself, I might stay with you all night, Mrs. Browne; and so I will, if you please—and I've brought my needle, and I'll hem the handkerchief, if you please—and then, maybe—maybe you'd show me how you mend nets—I should so like to mend Mister Browne's herring net; he gave mother, (God bless him!) as many herrings last year as lasted all Lent!—I'm sure we can never forget it to him."

"Pray for him then, Stacy—pray on your bended knees—for Dermot and Benjamin Browne this night."

"Why so I will," rejoined the girl—astonished at the woman's earnestness of manner—"but the night is fine, the sky is blue, the waters clear as chrysthal; they've been out many a night when the winds do be blowing the waves into the sky, and I've wondered to see you heart-easy about them—what, then, ails you to-night?"

"God knows!" replied Kate Browne, with a heavy sigh, "I think I'll go over my *bades* a bit; ough, Stacy darling, it's a fine thing to have the religion to turn to when the heart turns against every thing else."—Kate sprinkled herself with holy water out of a small chalice, and knelt down, with a "decked" of beads in her hands, to "say her prayers;" almost unwittingly, she repeated them aloud, but they had, in a degree, lost their soothing power, and she mingled the anxieties of earth with her petitions, not to heaven but to its inhabitants; her "mingled yarn" ran thus:—"Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us"—Statia, open the door, agra, and listen, myself thinks the wind's rising—now, and in the hour—the cat, avourneen, don't you see the cat at the herring tub, bad luck to that cat?—now, and in the hour of our death!"—There was a long pause, and she continued murmuring her petitions, and speaking aloud her anxieties, while Statia went on hemming the handkerchief; at last, she looked up at her young companion and

inquired, "Where did I leave off, my darling, was it at 'Virgin most powerful,' or at 'Queen of Confessors?'"

"I did not hear," replied the industrious maiden.

"Hear what?" exclaimed Kate Browne, starting off her knees.

"Lord defend us, you startle the very life out of me!" ejaculated the girl, devoutly crossing herself.

"But what did you hear, Stacy?"

"Nothing. I told you I did not hear where you left off."

"Ough! ay! ay!" exclaimed Mrs. Browne, "God forgive me, I am a poor, sinful thing; quite full of sin; I must give up the prayers for to-night; I can't steady my heart to them, good nor bad: there! finish your work, and we'll go to bed, jewel—it is, as you say, a beautiful night, thanks be to God for his mercies! and I ought to have more faith."

Long did they both remain awake during that calm moonlight: the fisherman's wife muttering prayers and fears, and raising her eyes to the little window which opened at the foot of her bed, and from which, as she lay, she could catch a view of the distant sea—at last, she fell off into a deep, deep sleep. But Statia, though free from all anxiety as to the fate of the absent, could not close her eyes—poor girl! her young imagination had passed a gulf of years, and she was thinking, that, perhaps, she might be to the young fisher what Kate was to the old; and she thought how good he was, and how handsome; and how happy she should be to mend his nets, and watch the return of his boat from the highest cliff that "toppled o'er the deep." The grey morning was stealing on the night, yet still Kate slept—and still Statia Byrne continued with her eyes fixed on the window, creating—not castles, but—nets, and boats, and cottages in the air; when suddenly, before the window stood Benjamin Browne—she had not seen his shadow pass—she had heard no step, no voice—no sound; nor did she see a figure, but there was his face almost pressed to the glass—his long, uncurled hair hung down either cheek—and his eyes were fixed on her with a cold, unmoving, rayless gaze—she endeavoured to sit up—she felt suddenly paralyzed—she could not move—she tried to speak, to call Mrs. Browne, who still slept heavily, heavier than before—she could make no sound—still her lover gazed—gazed on. And what occurred to her, (for she afterwards declared, she never, for a moment, was deprived of consciousness,) as most strange was, that though the room within was dark, and his head obscured the window, still she could see his features, (to use her own expressive phrase,) "Clear like wax;" while, as he gazed, their beautiful form assumed the long, pale hue of death—by a sudden effort she closed her eyes, but only for a brief, brief

moment. When she re-opened them he was gone—and she only looked upon the grey mingling of sea and sky; trembling and terror-stricken she at last succeeded in awakening her companion. Mrs. Browne heard her story with apparent calmness, and putting her lips close to the ear of the fainting girl, whispered—"HE IS DEAD!"

It was long, long before Statia recovered from her swoon, for when she did, the morning sun was shining on her face—and she was alone, quite alone in the fisherman's cottage; at first, she thought she had fearfully dreamed, but the realities around her recalled her to herself; she flew to the same cliff where, the evening before, unconscious of the strong affection which bound her almost childish heart to her young lover, she had watched his departure; and looking down on the beach, her painful vision was too truly realized—Dermot Browne was leading his wife from a group of persons who were bearing the corpse of the young fisherman to the shore; in the distance could be seen the keel of the doomed boat floating upwards, while crowds of sea-birds overhead screamed the youth's funeral dirge!

It might be about two months after this occurrence—which plunged the warm-hearted people of the neighbouring villages into deep sorrow—that Kate Browne visited the cottage of Statia Byrne; it was the first time the bereaved mother had entered any cottage, save her own, since "her trouble." As soon as Statia saw her, she flung herself upon her neck and sobbed as if her heart would break; the fisherman's wife held her from her, and parting her hair from off her brow, said,

"Sorrow has worked with you, and left his mark upon your face, avourneen; and though, my darling, you did not drape of *him that's gone* last Holy-eve, you've damped of him often since."

The poor girl wept still more bitterly.

"You must have been very dear, very dear entirely, to him," continued Kate Browne, "for his blessed spirit found it harder quitting you than his own mother, who nursed him a babbly at her breast; but whisht, darlint, don't I love you better for that now? Sure every thing—let alone every one that he regarded—that his regard only rested on, is more to me than silver or goold, or the wealth of the whole world! Didn't the bright eyes of his spirit look from the heavens on you, my jewel? And what I'm come here for Mistress Byrne, ma'am, is, that as you have so many childre, (and God keep them to you!) maybe you'd spare Statia to bind *my heart from breaking*, and let her bide entirely with us—we have prosperity enough, for when the Lord takes one thing away, why he gives another—blessed be his holy name! And sure, since the boy's gone, nothing can equal Dermot's

industry and carefulness, stopping every hole in every fisherman's boat—when he's ashore the hammer and nails is never out of his hand. Let her be to me as my own child, Mistress Byrne, and you'll have a consolation that will never leave you, no! not on your death-bed. Sure you'll see her every day the sun rises—let her bide with me, for I am very desolate!"

The mother, as she looked round upon seven rosy, healthy children, felt, that indeed her neighbour was desolate, and in a voice hoarse with emotion, she said,

"Statia may go, and take our blessing with her, if she likes!"

Many little voices wept aloud in that cottage, although they knew they should see their sister daily; but the maiden was firm in her resolve, and that night greeted, as a father, the father of him whom her young heart had loved with an entireness of affection which the heart can know but once.

Statia is now long past the age of girlhood, and it is pleasant to see how perfectly her simple life is an illustration of the pathetic exclamation of the Jewish damsel, "Thy people, shall be my people, and thy God, my God!" She manages admirably between her "two mothers," as she calls them, so that the one may not be jealous of the other: but though she has had many suitors for her hand, she has never forgotten—the drowned fisherman!

[Among the other prose papers, we have been most pleased with Some Account of Jerbi, and the Tower of Skulls; Castle Treene, a Cornish story, by Mr. Carne; the Squire's Bargain, by Mrs. Hoffman; and a circumstantial Narrative of the Insurrection in Trinidad, in 1823; but some of Dr. Walsh's "Shreds and Patches" are old acquaintances, which is no recommendation in an Annual.

Among the poetry are some sweetly touching pieces; as the Hermit's Grave, May Morning, and the Mother's Warning, by L. E. L.; the Brahmin's Prophecy, by Mrs. Godwin; a Hunting Scene, from Miss Mitford's Inez de Castro; and the Lady and the Flower, a ballad, by Mr. James; also,]

MORNING HYMN.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

LAUDED be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver,
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping,
Rule the apheres and elves at will,
That vex the air, or haunt the hill,
And all the fury subject keep,
Of boiling cloud and chafed deep;
I have seen and well I know it,
Thou hast done, and thou wilt do it.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

I have proved thy wondrous might,
Through the shadows of the night,

Thou who slumber'st not nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest;
Spirits from the ocean under,
Liquid flame and levelled thunder,
Need not wakeen nor alarm them.—
No; they cannot, cannot harm them.
God of evening's yellow ray,
God of yonder dawning day,
That rises from the distant sea,
Like breathings of eternity,
Thine the flaming sphere of light,
Thine the darkness of the night,
Thine are all the stars of even,
God of angels, God of heaven,
God of life that fade shall never,
Glory to thy name for ever!

Altrice Lake, the longest day, 1835.

TIME PAST, PRESENT, AND TO COME.

By Viscount Strangford.

TIME was—when all was fresh, and fair, and bright,
My heart was bounding with delight,

It knew no pain, it felt no aching;

But o'er it all its airy woes

As lightly passed, or briefly staid,

Like the fleet summer cloud which throws

On sunny lands a moment's shade,

A momentary darkness making.

Time is—when all is drear, and dim, and wild,

And that gay sunny scene which smiled,

With darkest clouds is gloomed and saddened;

When tempest-toas'd on passion's tide,

Reason's frail bark is madly driven,

Nor gleams one ray its course to guide,

From yon o'ercast and frowning heaven,

Till peace is wreck'd and reason maddened.

Time comes—but will it e'er restore,

The peace my bosom felt before,

And sooth again my aching, tortured breast?

It will, for there is one above,

Who bends on all a Father's eye;

Who hears with all a Father's love

The broken heart's repentant sigh,

Calms the vexed heart, and bids the spirit rest.

[The Illustrations are partly engraved by Finden, Rolls, and Cooke; and among the painters are Harlowe, Bonington, and Inskipp: the accompaniment to the Drowned Fisherman is from Bonington, and reminds one of Collins's excellence in marine painting.]

The Keepsake

[Is this year edited by the Honourable Mrs. Norton, who, strange to say, has enlisted but one peer of the pen, Lord Holland, and but one Member of Parliament, who has contributed three verses of the silliest stamp it has ever been our misfortune to read: indeed, we are surprised at the editing postess allowing such jingling to pass for music. Among the most striking stories are Orsina Brandini, by Mary Boyle; Moonshine, a humorous sketch, by Captain Maryatt; Count Rodolph's Heir, and the Artist's Love, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton; an effective description of a Fire at Sea, by Captain Chamier, very clever; Niluphar, the Hindu Girl, by R. Brinsley Sheridan, Esq.; and Mr. Johnson's Voyage to the Continent, by Leitch Ritchie, (though this is striking as a failure :) we extract a portion of the next,—]

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SCOTCH TERRIER.
By the Hon. Captain Phipps.

I WAS born of a most illustrious and ancient family; our pedigree had been traced from generation to generation, with a care that might make Welshmen weep. My earliest hours of infancy were, therefore, tended with the utmost care; and when my eyes first saw daylight, which certainly was not for some days after my birth, I found myself cradled in a basket filled with cotton, and in the corner of a most luxurious dressing-room. My amiable parent (for the kindness of a father, alas! I never knew, nor could exactly ascertain who he was) was tending us with a gentle whine, and seemed in distress of mind; indeed, I had myself a confused recollection of a larger family than I now found surrounding me, for at this time a brother and a sister were my only companions, and I am sure that at least ten or eleven smooth, fat little bodies once contributed to my canine warmth. A few days afterwards, exercising myself in a field behind the house, and going to a pond to quench my thirst, I saw several little terrier corpses floating upon the surface, that bore a sad family likeness to my infant brother M'Pepper, and my sister Chili. I howled a sigh, and dropped a tear; but the sorrows of childhood are short-lived, and I soon dissipated my grief by chasing a feather that was flitting before the wind. I was universally admired for my beauty; and, indeed, I was handsome—black and tan, very long in the back, and very short in the legs; but, as my friend, the French poodle told me, *il faut souffrir pour être beau*; the truth of which I found to my cost; when, a short time after parting with my brother and sister, I was one day taken into the stable by a human executioner (I suppose), who proceeded, in spite of my most piteous cries, to cut off at least four inches of my beautiful tail, and the pendulous loveliness of my ears. Of this I did not subsequently so much complain, when I found that even in human creatures, to render them perfect, it was necessary frequently to inflict torture upon the same part of their persons during youth; and the most charming part of mankind were thought deficient in beauty until an operation was performed upon their ears. A conversation then took place upon the important subject of preventing me from going mad. I suppose there was some hereditary insanity in my family, but it must have been upon my father's side; for my mother, except when excited by a rat, a badger, or some other natural enemy, was as quiet a female dog as ever wagged a tail. It was determined that I should be rendered secure from this dreadful calamity, and my mouth was violently forced open, and a membrane torn from under my tongue, the inflammation from which operation prevented me from lapping water for a week, and nearly

put me into a fever. Here, however, I also derived comfort from watching our masters, upon whom, I suppose, in infancy, some similar treatment is carried into effect, as I subsequently invariably observed, that when men were said to be mad, or cracked, it was by the use of their tongue that they were first detected.

It was some time before I collected my puppyish senses sufficiently to recall a glimmering of a former existence, and then I fancied that there had not been so much change in my state, for I had a faint remembrance of having, in my former biped life, been called a puppy; but the word macaroni also occurred to my mind (for dogs have minds), and that name, together with the very different appearance of everything around, confirmed me that I must have been a native of another country. My master was a remarkably handsome young man, of about eighteen, and certainly very particular in his dress, but he did not wear a quantity of flour in his head, as I fancied I used to do; and a sword, which I am very much mistaken if I had not constantly dangling by my side, seemed now to be the distinctive mark of soldiers. My youth passed, very, very happily. I was caressed, petted, and pampered; and my love for my master became such as dogs only feel; for, as I think I heard some of my master's visitors say—love with man is but the amusement of an hour, to dogs it is the employment of a life.

The only day of grief I felt for nearly a year, was when my respected mother died; she had become rather snappish in her old age, certainly, but then she had no teeth; and when she howled her last howl in the stable, to which she had been banished for some disagreeable quality, I mourned for two days most doggedly; but my spirits being diverted on the third day by a rat-hunt in the barn, I resumed my former liveliness. My master's name was Orlando Arnold, and a kinder or more tender-hearted being never walked upon two legs. Had his nose possessed my power of smelling, his legs my swiftness, and his heart the courage to face a badger, he would have been perfect; but all beings have their weak points. He had a valet of the name of Tonga, to whose care I was specially confided, and whom I soon cordially hated; for, though in the presence of Orlando he pretended the greatest affection for me, and would call "Lue—Lue—Lue," in the most coaxing tones, no sooner were we alone, than all his love seemed to have evaporated, and many was the kick I got from him, calling me a d—d vicious cur. To be sure I did once, in ill-humour, bite the calf of his leg; but I never owed ill-will to the many dogs that bit me during my eventful life. I used to hear my master, in settling his accounts with Tonga, amongst other

weekly charges, enumerate a considerable sum for my keep; what this meant I never could ascertain, for, except an occasional bone, or piece of cheese-rind from the steward's room table, I never received a morsel of food except from the kind hand of my dear master. All the household called me a cross brute—my temper, as my name foreboded, was, indeed, rather hot, and it was my nature to be cynical; but those who treated me kindly, ever found my "bark was worse than my bite."

I now began to accompany my master in all his walks and rambles, and hence commenced my desire to record the adventures of which I was an unsuspected, but not an unobservant witness.

Orlando's house was situated in a beautiful park, about twelve miles from London. The distance I had good reason to know, as many was the time I had to gallop the whole way there and back by my master's fleet horse, over the hard, stony road, my poor maimed tongue hanging out of my mouth, and hardly time to take a lap at a puddle as I went along. He seemed very happy, for he used to sing and whistle all the way, and would often halloo to me, as if there were some vermin in sight, I believe merely to excite me to a level with his own spirits, for never cat, rat, or even a weazel, could I see. Often as we went along, when I stopped a little way behind to pick up a chance bone, or to say a word to a friend, or snarl at a stranger, often did I hear the women, as they looked back after him over their shoulder, say, "what a handsome man!" It was upon one of these excursions, when I was galloping along in barking spirits, I saw my master suddenly stop, and turn back at a foot's pace. I thought he had dropped something; and, as I had been taught to retrieve, as he called it, I went smelling about in every corner, and under every blade of grass, but not a sniff of anything impregnated with his dear odour could I find. As I went thus pottering about with my nose down upon the ground, I did not observe that he had ridden backwards and forwards before a neat small country-house with a garden before it; and as I looked up into his face for some signal, I saw that his eyes were fixed upon an object well worthy indeed of admiration; for there sat one of the loveliest women I had ever seen, and, for a dog, I was a pretty good judge. She was playing upon the harp, and seemed totally unconscious of the observation she was creating; but as my master's back was turned, I saw that she too followed him with her eyes; and when he again approached her house. I could detect a slight smile flitting over her beautiful lips, like a summer's breeze moving the leaves of the rose. (Be not astonished, gentle reader, at the poetry of my language,—though not exactly a poet, I have

been guilty of a good many doggrel lines.) Orlando, however, continued his route to London, and returned with a friend in a tilbury, who was to dine with him. I was comfortably squatted between my master's feet; of course I listened attentively to their conversation. At first they talked about Whigs and Tories, and a number of things that I neither understood nor cared about, except that they occasionally mentioned the word rats, at which I pricked up my ears, and gave a slight growl; but I could not smell any, and therefore curled myself comfortably up again. At last we approached the cottage, which was about three miles from Laurel Hill, my master's place.

"By Jove! Radcliffe," said Orlando, "I saw the most lovely creature to-day I ever beheld,—a perfect angel, my dear fellow!"

"And what heavenly abode does this cherub inhabit?" inquired Radcliffe, a good-looking man, with a quantity of curling hair, and several rings round his fingers, like the collars we wear upon our necks, only smaller, and not so handsome.

"Why, I am not quite such a fool as to tell you that. No, no, Master Radcliffe, I know your character too well. Do you remember telling me that there was no honour between men where a woman was concerned?"

"I say a great many foolish things," said he of the curls; "and, in doing so, am only one degree less weak than those who take them for gospel."

"Weak as I may be," rejoined Orlando, "I will not trust you in this; but she is really beautiful, and, I am sure, as good as she is fair. I never saw so modest a countenance."

By this time we had reached the cottage. There she still was; but now, instead of being employed at the harp, she was watering some flowers on the balcony. My master's eyes were fixed upon her, and I could see that Radcliffe watched the direction of his glance. As the fair lady lifted her head, it appeared to me that something in the appearance either of Orlando or Radcliffe displeased her, for she became very red, and dropping her watering-pot (the water from which deluged a footman who was standing at the door below), she retired precipitately into the house. At the same moment a kind of nervous affection (I suppose such as I have felt twitching up my hind paw when dropping into a light slumber) seized upon Radcliffe's leg, and he gave me a tremendous kick in the jaw, at which I yelled considerably. "D—n the dog," said he, "he has frightened the woman from the window. Have I detected you, Master Arnold; is that your seraph-beauty?"—"Oh, no!" said Orlando, "she was much handsomer than this girl." How mistaken I must have been, thought I, as I curled my tongue to comfort my wound-

ed mouth, and recover the coolness of my nose. I thought, for certain, this must have been the object of his admiration; but as I heard him once tell Tongs, whom he had detected in one of his many delinquencies, that there was nothing he detested so much as a lie, of course he would not tell one himself. After dinner that day I observed that Orlando and his guest consumed an unusual quantity of that nauseous, beastly compound, called wine. Radcliffe, indeed, seemed the most anxious to continue these, to me, unintelligible potations, and my master to take his share almost unwillingly; indeed, I never could understand why a sensible man, like my master, should go on drinking when he was evidently not thirsty—a folly that no dog but a mongrel would think of. I often heard human creatures declare drinking much water to be a preventive of madness in our species,—a gross mistake upon their part, and one into which they could not be betrayed by their own experience; for it always appeared to me that the more they drink the madder they become. My master, indeed, became quite altered, talked very loud, and even sung a song, though it was nothing to be compared in harmony to the howl of dear Fan, Lady Fatanpet's spaniel. When they arose to go into the other room, my master, I observed, walked like a dog in the distemper; but immediately upon getting to his chair, he called for cards at Radcliffe's request, and they began playing eagerly at a game called *ecarté*. Orlando appeared to be losing, both from his countenance and because the word d—n and d—nation, which before dinner was exclusively used by Radcliffe, became now the sole property of my master; and I believe it is usually a word belonging to an unsuccessful person. One thing I could not understand: I observed that Radcliffe constantly kept a card between himself and his chair, and that in dealing only he managed to take it up, and then I heard him say "*Le roi!*" Once, being less dexterous than usual, perhaps from the wine he had taken, he dropped it upon the floor, and I, having been taught many little pretty tricks in fetching and carrying, thought that this was the cue for me to display my accomplishments, wagged my tail in the most winning manner, picked it up delicately in my mouth, and brought it to my master. "Halloa!" cried Orlando, "what is this?—the king of hearts!—where did you find this, Lue? Are you going to mark the king, too? Let me see: twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two:—this pack is perfect; count yours, Tom."—"Thirty, thirty-one," responded Radcliffe: "it must have dropped from this. Lucky I did not deal without it, however. No occasion to throw away a chance; betting six to five, too!" Now this I thought odd, for I had seen him put it down on purpose. I suppose the misfortune

was, its dropping on the floor. Shortly afterwards, poor fellow, Mr. Radcliffe was again seized with one of those spasmodic movements of the leg, and as I was within reach, couched under the table, I was again the sufferer. "That dog of yours," said the kicker, "is not the most agreeable neighbour, I can tell you, Orlando."—"Isn't he?" said my master. "Lue, Lue; here, sir!" and I was immediately banished from the drawing-room. I did not wish to quarrel with a friend of my master, but I must, in my own justification, say, a more unfounded accusation never was made in this world. However, I was too well disciplined to rebel, and giving one or two whines through the crevice at the bottom of the door, and one supplicatory scratch upon the panel, which were all disregarded, I trotted down to the rug in the steward's room.

[The Hon. Mrs. Norton has contributed several poetical pieces, *pour l'occasion*, which are very pleasing; as are others by L. E. L., and Mr. G. P. R. James; the appearance of the latter in the *lists* of poetry being, we believe, a novelty of the season. Mr. Rogers has addressed some patriotic lines to Earl Grey, and Mr. Moore has sung]

THE PROGRESS OF PAINTING—A FRAGMENT OF A DREAM.

FILLED with the wonders I had seen
In Rome's stupendous shrines and halls,
I felt the veil of sleep serene
Come o'er the memory of each scene,
As twilight o'er the landscape falls.
Nor was it slumber sound and deep,
But such as suits a poet's rest—
That sort of thin, transparent sleep,
Through which his night-dreams glimmer beat.
Methought upon a plain I stood,
Where certain great magicians, known
To be with wondrous power endued,
Were coming—each, in turn, alone,
To shed his witcheries o'er the sight,
And call up miracles of light.
The sky, above this lonely place,
Was of that cold, uncertain hue,
Which fills the pullet's lifeless space,
Ere Art's creation dawns to view.
But soon a glimmer from the East
Proclaim'd the first enchantments nigh:—
And, as the feeble light increased,
Strange figures moved across the sky,
With golden glories deck'd, and streaks
Of gold among their garment's dyes;†
And though life's colour tinged their cheeks,
No light of life was in their eyes—
Ev'n as the rose-cheek'd dead one meets
Slow borne through Rome's sepulchral streets.
But soon these figures passed away;
And forms succeeded to their place,
Less rich in gold and gilt array,
But shining with more natural grace,
And it was clear the charming wands
Had pass'd into far nobler hands.‡

* The paintings of those artists of the Middle Ages who were introduced into Venice and Florence from Greece.

† Margaritone, of Arezzo, who was a pupil and imitator of the Greeks, is said to have invented this art of gilding the ornaments of pictures.

‡ Cimabue, Giotto, &c.

Among these visions there was one,*

Fairest of all, on which the sun,

Then half-way risen, a beam let fall,

That through the dusky twilight trembled,

And reach'd, at length, the spot where all

These great magicians stood assembled.

And as they turned their heads, to view

The springing lustre, I could trace

The bright varieties it threw

On each uplifted, studying face; †

While many a voice, with glad acclaim,

Shouted "Masaccio!"—the proud name

Of him th' Enchanter, who had raised

This miracle, on which all gazed.

'Twas daylight now—the sun had risen

From out the dungeon of old night,

Like the Apostle, from his prison

Led by the Angel's hand of light;

And—as the fetters, when that ray

Of glory reach'd them, dropp'd away—‡

So fled the clouds at touch of day!

Just then a bearded sage § came forth,

Who oft in thoughtful dream would stand,

To trace upon the dusky earth

Strange, learned figures with his wand; ||

And oft he took the silver lute ¶

His little page behind him bore,

And waked such song as, when 'twas mute,

Left in the soul a thirst for more!

Meanwhile, his pictured spells went on,

And forms and faces, that from out

A depth of shadow mildly shone,

Were in the soft air seen about.

Though thick as midnight stars they beam'd

Yet all like living sisters seem'd,

So close, in every point, resembling

Each other's beauties—from the eyes,

Lucid, as if through crystal trembling,

Yet soft, as if suffused with sighs,

To the long, fawn-like mouth and chin,

Lovely tapering less and less,—

Till even beauty's self begin,

By grace o'erwrought and quaint excess,

Like virtue on the verge of sin,

To touch the bounds of ugliness.

There look'd, as when they lived, the shades

Of some of Arno's dark-eyed maids—

Such maids as should alone live on

In dreams thus, when their souls are gone—

Some Mona Lisa, on whose eyes

A painter for whole years might gaze,**

Nor find, in all his range of dyes,

One that could ev'n approach their blaze!

Here float two lovely shapes††—the one

With her white fingers in the sun

* The works of Masaccio.—For the character of this powerful and original genius, see Sir Joshua Reynolds's Twelfth Discourse. His celebrated frescoes are in the church of S. Pietro del Carmine, at Florence.

† All the great artists studied, and many of them borrowed from, Masaccio. Several figures in the cartoons of Raphael are taken, with but little alteration, from his frescoes.

‡ And a light shined in the prison, and his chains fell off from his hands.—*Acts*.

§ Leonardo da Vinci.

|| His treatises on Mechanics, Optics, &c. preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan.

¶ On dit que Léonard parut pour la première fois à la cour de Milan, dans une espèce de concours ouvert entre les meilleurs joueurs de lyre d'Italie. Il se présenta avec une lyre de sa façon, construite en argent.—*Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*.

** He is said to have been four years employed upon the portrait of this fair Florentine, without being able, after all, to come up to his own idea of her beauty.

†† "Vanity and Modesty," in the collection of Cardinal Fesch, at Rome.

Outspread, as if to ask his ray

Whether it e'er had chanced to play

O'er lilies half so fair as they!

Their nymph, we saw, was Vanity—

While, by her side, another smiled,

In form as beautiful as she,

But with that air, subdued and mild,

That still reserve of purity,

Which is to woman like the haze

Of evening to some sunny view—

Softening the beauties it displays,

And veiling others in that hue,

Which Fancy only can see through!

This gentle nymph, who could she be

But the bright spirit, Modesty?

Long did the learn'd Enchanter stay

Upon the scene—and still there pass'd

As in the lantern's shadowy play,

Group after group, in close array,

Each fairer, grander, than the last.

But the great triumph of his power

Was yet to come, gradual and slow,

(As all that is ordain'd to tower

Among the works of man must grow,)

The sacred vision stole to view—

In that half light, half shadow shown,

Which gives to ev'n the liveliest hue,

A sober'd and half-sadden'd tone.

It was a vision of that last, ‡‡

Sorrowful night which Jesus pass'd

With his disciples when he said

Mournfully to them—"I shall be

Betray'd by one who here hath fed,

This night at the same board with me."

And though the Saviour, in the dream,

Spoke not these words, we saw them beam

Legibly in his eyes; (so well

The great magician work'd his spell;)

And read in every thoughtful line

Imprinted on that brow Divine,

The meek, the tender nature griev'd,

Not anger'd, to be thus deceiv'd—

Celestial love, requited ill

For all its care, yet loving still—

Deep, deep regret that there should fall

From man's deceit so foul a blight

Upon that parting hour—and all

His spirit must have felt that night,

Who, soon to die for human kind,

Thought only, 'mid his mortal pain,

How many a soul was left behind,

For whom he died that death in vain!

Such was this heavenly scene—alas!

That dream so bright so soon should pass!

But pictur'd on the humid air,

Its tints, ere long, grew languid there; §§

And storms came on, which cold and rough,

Scatter'd its gentlest glories all—

As I have seen the winds blow off

The hues that hang o'er Terni's Fall—

Till, one by one, the vision's beams

Faded away, and soon it fled

To join those other vanish'd dreams

That now sit palely 'mong the dead,

Those shadows of Earth's shades that go

To haunt oblivion's lake below!

[We ought not, however, to overlook a very pleasant piece of letter-play, by Lord Holland, or, as the noble author would call it, "laborious idleness:" the subject is Eve's Legend, and the point is in each word containing one vowel only, as "men were never perfect," &c.

‡‡ The Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci.

§§ Leonardo appears to have used a composition of oil and varnish for this picture, which alone, without the various other causes of its ruin, would have prevented any long duration of its beauties. It is now almost entirely effaced.

The Illustrations are, mostly good: the Brighton Beauty, from Chalon, is charming; but the Escape of Fenella, by the same artist, is gratuitously flaunting. There are a few subjects delicately engraved in the vignette style; as a Fire at Sea, and the Parliament Fire, at Westminster, after Turner; the Wreck, by the same master; and the Raft, by Vickers. These are novel embellishments here, and alternate successfully with the quiescence, not to say insipidity, of the usual calibre of Annual designs.]

The Picturesque Annual,

Edited by Leitch Ritchie,

[Is a sensibly written Tour to St. Petersburg and Moscow, with 25 Engravings from designs by A. G. Vickers, engraved under the direction of Charles Heath. The work is, therefore, one of information and description; though the tourist's observant ability, and his pleasant manner of communicating what he saw and heard, enlivens every page, and relieves it from the dulness of commonplace detail. Besides describing the cities, he furnishes some very lively and entertaining sketches of the best society: *e. g.*]

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

IN Moscow the emperor is a rarity; in Moscow, which is a Russian city, he is beloved almost to idolatry. "Our little father!" cry the mujiks, looking up into his face with devoted affection as he struggles through them. "Come now, make a little room for me," says the emperor, passing on with his hand raised to his hat, "do, brother, stand out of the way!" The occasion is like a *fête* through the whole town, and the Kremlin, to which everybody has access, is like the scene of a great fair. The palace, defended from the people by no inclosure, is surrounded by a dense crowd of men, women, and children, from morning till night. Sometimes a beautiful little boy, one of the young princes, climbs up to the window to look out, and all heads are instantly uncovered as if he was Nicholas himself. One day the imperial mother of this really fine family was sitting at the window, looking down upon the crowd, when the emperor coming behind her, put his arm round her neck and kissed her. No one unacquainted with the Russian character can conceive the effect of this simple act. The general shout that came from the lips of the people arose from the holiest depths of their heart; and I venture to say, that there was no man of that vast concourse who would not have laid down his life for the Tsar, and no woman who would not have urged her son or husband to do so.

The emperor, who is a very tall and a very handsome man, is naturally of a lively disposition. He is always dressed with great precision, and every one understands that it

is necessary to appear before him both well dressed and with a cheerful countenance. He is easy of access, and seems to think an appearance of state almost unnecessary. At St. Petersburg, however, at each side of the door which leads to the imperial apartments, stands a black man gorgeously dressed in eastern costume. There are twelve of these men, who relieve each other alternately in the duty of opening and shutting the door, and announcing the name of the visiter. After breakfast, the emperor's first care is to go to the nursery to see his children, and ascertain how they have slept. He takes each of them up, kisses them, romps with them—for he is full of frolic, and glad to be a boy again, when the cares of the world will let him. Their majesties dine at three o'clock (the general hour for the upper classes in Russia) with perfect simplicity; and towards the conclusion of the meal, the Grand Duke Alexander and the younger children come in to kiss their parents. When they rise from table, the emperor bestows upon his consort, also, some hearty kisses. He calls her "his wife;" but the empress, who is a Prussian, never alludes to him but as "the emperor." She speaks English extremely well; but Nicholas only indifferently. "The character of the emperor and empress," writes an English friend to me, "is such that it is difficult to speak of them without exciting in strangers a suspicion that the description is overcharged. It is no exaggeration to say, that I never saw a family where more affection and harmony existed, and that I believe the examples to be very rare indeed where so much can be discovered. I have frequently seen these illustrious individuals surrounded by their children, and have partaken of the influence every one receives who witnesses the scene; and I can say, that in their domestic virtues they are worthy of being held forth as a pattern, not only to all sovereigns, but to all mankind." At St. Petersburg, Nicholas has frequently gone home in a droski when it rained; and once, having no money in his pocket, the *ivoschik*, ignorant of his quality, detained his cloak till he sent down the fare. A better anecdote, however, is told of the contact he sometimes comes into with the lower classes. One Enster, on coming out of the palace, he addressed the sentry with his usual familiarity, in the form of salutation prescribed for that day—"Christ is risen!" Instead of the usual reply, "He is, indeed!" the fellow answered gravely, "He is *not*, indeed!"—"Hey! how? what is that?" said the emperor; "I said, Christ is risen!"—"And I replied, He is not!"—"Why, who and what, in God's name, are you?"—"I am a Jew."

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